Letters to My Old Friends

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/25821532.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Freddie Lounds, Clarice Starling, Alana Bloom, Bedelia Du Maurier, Margot Verger
Additional Tags:	Post-Fall (Hannibal), Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Dark Will Graham, Bottom Will Graham, Bondage, Unrequited Lust, Poor Frederick Chilton, Child Murder, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham Loves Dogs
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Post Fall
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-10 Completed: 2020-10-19 Words: 7,334 Chapters: 5/5

Letters to My Old Friends

by toggledog

Summary

After escaping with Will to South America and then the UK, Hannibal decides to write his old "friends" a letter, to ease their minds about Will and explain the depths of his intense emotions towards the ex-profiler.
They don't understand but Will belongs to Hannibal; mind, body and soul. Will has made his choice, and that is to be with Hannibal.
(A part of my "Post Fall" series but also works as a stand alone fic.)

Notes

So happy Hannibal is doing well on Netflix! I have decided to turn this into a series of letters :)
Inspired by a kinkmeme prompt
https://hannibalkink.dreamwidth.org/2246.html?thread=3594694

A Letter to Jack

Jack,

I have been reading, with amusement, the lurid fiction posted online referencing mine and Will's departure. For once, Freddy Lounds isn't the one writing the more sensational of tales. To ease your mind, Will is alive and with me, with his consent.

To further clarify, yes, Will was attacked by Francis Dolarhyde but Dolarhyde and I were not working with each other. Moreover, Dolarhyde attacked us both and we were forced to defend ourselves. No, Will wasn't in any way abused in a sexual manner, as suggested by the press. In keeping with his complex nature, Will couldn't abide by being with me fully but also not being with me either and hence pulled us off the cliff, in clear hopes of oblivion for the both of us.

For obvious reasons, I can't tell you where we reside now, only to reassure that Will is safe and I will endeavour my best to keep it that way. Though you may not believe me, for obvious reasons, taking care of my beloved, moulding him to become the most vibrant and bright flower in the wild unmanageable garden of life, has always been my most fervent wish for him.

Yes, Jack, Will is my beloved. Impossible, you rail. A diagnosed psychopath can't fall in love, can't place the needs of another before themselves. I also believed this, until Will Graham came into my life. You recall our first meeting, in your cluttered FBI office, Will Graham in his ill-fitting suit and glasses, irritated at my perceived profiling of him. Could it be possible that I fell for him in that instant? Even now I cannot say for definitive. Certainly, there sprouted a nub, that would blossom as our time together continued, as I realised Will's potential before even he did.

The garden and flower analogies in this letter are no coincidence. As you would appreciate, aesthetics are an important and valued part of my life. I surround myself with beauty, and Will Graham is no exception. I am not gloating when I say mine and Will's has become a sexual as well as romantic pairing, merely stating fact. Should Will not wish to be with me in a carnal fashion, I would not force the issue. His mere presence with me would be enough. But yes, Jack, such an exquisite beauty he wields, bearing the traits of a particular aesthetic masculinity. Even as a heterosexual man, I presume you are not so bind as to notice the effect the strong jaw, large eyes and curly hair had on others who were so inclined to notice? Ironic that the one who possesses such a striking visage and incredible emotional gifts would shy away from the spotlight; too sensitive to withstand the glare.

He was always going to come with me, Jack. I believe, if you look at the situation with objectivity, you would come to this conclusion. There is a darkness there you helped nurture, and for that, I must thank you. As well as light, and there always will be. Will can't switch off his sensitivity and pure empathy, as I once labelled it, just because he is with me.

I won't harm him. Not anymore. I understand I acted without grace, allowing my base compulsions to overtake logic. I loved, wanted and needed him too much, at that time, developed a hunger for him that was unparalleled by anyone else, my entire life. Yes, you were right in stating my need for Will Graham to be an obsession. It still is.

I write this letter, as I stated, to put your mind at ease. Again, to clarify, Will Graham is alive, and unharmed. Is, in fact, currently sleeping beside me, his breath deep and even, warm naked legs entangled in mine. I claimed him tonight, the semen seeping between his thighs a testament to that claim. How does that make you feel, Jack, to know I entered your precious agent, with him begging for more? He is mine, Jack, now; body, mind and soul.

As well as he is his own. I will never own him. I understand this now. But that is what allows my love for him to flourish even greater.

Please Jack, take care. Continue with your good job. You are an excellent FBI agent.

H

"Damn it, Hannibal! Why did you have to write all of the bit about 'claiming me'?" Will sat up in the bed, leaning against the steel headboard bars he had previously been handcuffed to, the letter in his right hand.

Hannibal, who had been placing sloppy kisses down his neck, continued down to his shoulder, deigning the smooth flesh to be of more importance, in that moment, than Will's irritated tone.

"Because," Hannibal kissed the scar bequeathed to Will by Dolarhyde. "It will rile Jack."

"Yes, well it comes across as creepy."

"But you *like* creepy," Hannibal said, hand moving under the sheet that had been thrown across their naked torsos, to fondle Will's now lax cock.

The hand not holding the letter reached down and pushed Hannibal's away. The nerves of his fingers, registering the loss, instead trailed up and down Will's outer thigh, delighting in the coarse hair.

"I don't want *Jack*, of all people, to know the details of our sex life," Will said.

"Do you want me to remove that part of the letter?" Hannibal said, brushing a curl from his forehead.

Will breathed out through his nose. "Forget it."

"And the rest of the letter? Any feedback?" Hannibal's grin was rewarded with a corresponding uplift of mouth and a brief peck on his lips.

"Aw… Hannibal is in wuv with me," Will jested. "I must be a damned good profiler, aren't I? To ensnare a psychopath." He ran a hand down Hannibal's stomach. "Who also happens to be handsome… elegant… a genius…who makes me come so hard every time…"

“You are the best,” Hannibal’s right shoulder lifted, in a brief shrug. “Why do you think I wanted you, from the moment I saw you?”

Will’s eyes glittered in clear triumph.

Yes, my crafty mongoose. You are the victor. You own me, I'm beginning to suspect with more definitiveness than I own you. Which, considering my nature, is of extreme irony.

“Okay, here’s the plan,” Will said. “Sex, we post the letter. Then maybe a walk along the beach?”

“I propose a slight variation,” Hannibal said. “I handcuff you to the bed and take you repeatedly until we’re both too exhausted to move, followed by a brief sleep by you, while I mail the letter. I return and take you again, before uncuffing you. After that, we walk along the beach. I propose a visit to the Colonia del Sacremento would be agreeable to your tastes.”

Will’s plump lips twisted down, as he rubbed the dark bruises circling his wrists.. “No, I don’t want to be handcuffed to the bed tonight. We went at it pretty hard before... not that I was at all complaining at the time."

“Would you prefer a variation of that?” Hannibal asked, taking the handcuffs from out of the bedside drawer and placing them around his own wrists, before cuffing himself to the bedpost.

Will responded in a positive manner by clambering up and over Hannibal, and hooking his thighs on either side of his murder partner’s waist, as his warm weight rested on his lower abdomen. The light flush of his cheeks, combined with the increased heave of his chest doubled Hannibal's heart rate from it's usual resting forty beats per minute to eighty.

“How about I prepare myself, as I go down on you?” The slight tremble of his voice betrayed Will’s sexual excitement. “You can lie back and allow me to do all the work, riding you until you come so hard inside me your semen will be seeping down my thighs for hours.”

Hannibal’s breath increased, his cock rising to attention.

Yes, my love. Please continue.

“Then, when I come back from mailing the letter and if you’re keen? We go again,” Will’s light fingers along Hannibal’s collar bone sparked ecstasy in their wake.

“I’m always keen for you, Will,” Hannibal said, as Will reached for the lube once more. “But may I make one request? Can you wear your glasses?”

Will’s brow furrowed. “If you insist. I’d prefer you not to come on them this time, though. Made it hard to clean them,” Will grabbed his glasses from on top of the bedside drawer and placed them on his delectable visage.

“Please… Will… I need you now…” Hannibal shouted, irritated with himself that Will’s mere presence caused him such an uncharacteristic loss of control.

“I enjoy hearing you beg,” Will whispered, causing a moan to issue from Hannibal’s larynx.

*

Jack scrunched the letter in his hand, thumping his desk.

“Damn you, Hannibal…” He growled.

No matter, he would find them, and he would rescue Will. He didn’t care what Hannibal believed. Will was being manipulated. Jack vowed to place Hannibal where he belonged; back in prison.

Frowning, he peered down at the letter and envelope. The stamp was generic, of course with no identifying marks as to where the letter had been mailed from. Still, he’d get it down to forensics, see if they could find anything. It was a long shot, but, with Will and Hannibal now gone for three months, he would take anything he could.

I’ll find you, Hannibal. Don’t get too comfortable.

Grasping the letter in his gloved hand, he stepped out from behind his desk and out of his room, determined to find the answers to the questions he seeked.

A Letter to Frederick

The man was closest to what he wanted than any of the others before him.

“Come in,” he said, opening the door further to allow the curly-haired figure to step over the threshold. The porcelain mask Frederick wore covered his entire face and neck. If his companion-to-be found Frederick’s bizarre facial covering to be confronting, he was too much of a professional to allow his discomfort to show.

“Would you like a glass of wine?”

The man shrugged. “Sure.”

Frederick inwardly cringed. This one’s dark curls were the right shade as well as he bore the requisite wide blue eyes and refined features. However, this one’s nose was a little too snub, mouth a little too wide. The main difference lay in the voice, lacking the subtle Louisiana tones. Disguising his disappointment from displaying in his body language, Frederick stepped over to his corner mini bar, where the bottle of red sat ready on the counter.

“Take off your coat,” Frederick demanded as he poured the wine into two glasses, careful to not spill the liquid over onto the gloves covering the scarred flesh of his hands. The other man complied, revealing the button up shirt and brown trousers Frederick had requested.

“Very nice,” Frederick said, handing the man the wine before clinking the glasses together.

“Should we go into the bedroom?” the man said, after taking a sip.

Once inside the room, the man slipped to his knees, unzipping Frederick’s trousers and pulling them down. The fire had even managed to burn his penis. As with the rest of his body, the doctors had achieved what they could to beautify the mangled flesh. Frederick was grateful he still had function and pleasure down there. Even so, though he was never a vain man, he had appreciated his darkhaired good looks. Thanks to Dolarhyde, he could now not glance into a mirror without a reminder of what he had done to him, the monster he had made him into. As the prostitute worked his erection with his expert mouth, Frederick closed his eyes, running his fingers through his hair.

“Yes, Will… that’s it, that’s it…”

The prostitute worked harder, his head slamming up and down up and down but it wasn’t enough… he needed more…

“Stop!” Frederick demanded. “Bend over the bed.”

With practiced ease, he tore open the condom and slid it up over his erection, before slicking himself with lube and slamming into the other man with one swift jolt.

“Yes! That’s it, fuck me!”

“Shut up,” Frederick ordered, and moved in a frantic motion, looking down at the shirt and dark curls beneath him as the other man groaned. The similarity was so close… but he wasn’t… he could never be… Frederick’s cry of completion was of both desire and despair.

*

The letter arrived two days later, at Frederick’s home. He didn’t question how the predator found out where he lived. Hannibal had a way of discovering these things.

There was no need to check for fingerprints or any DNA on the envelope, though Frederick would send it to the university science department to check, as per his professional conduct.

Careful to not place his own gloved fingers on the letter more than was necessary, he opened the envelope using a letter opener, and two papers fell out. One was a typed letter, the other a sketch, of a man lying with his eyes closed.

Will Graham.

Frederick’s heart stuttered, for a moment certain he was staring at the lovingly rendered corpse of the ex profiler. But closer examination revealed the pillow under his messy curls, the sheet discretely covering his genitalia. Frederick ran a hand across the resting eyelids, lashes a dark smudge on the white paper, down the delicate nose, to the artful shading of his stubble, the subtle lump of his adam’s apple, the tiny nubs of his nipples in the muscular curve of his chest. One arm was flung over his stomach, the other resting against his thigh, with a finger touching-

Frederick swallowed. The finger touched the other, broader thigh crossing Will’s own left leg. The broader thigh belonging to the man outside of the drawing’s frame, though Frederick had a fair idea who it was. He turned his attention back to the letter, which was undated, the envelope of course with no return address, and a generic stamp.

Dear Frederick,

Relieved to hear you have recovered sufficiently from your injuries. I suspect you will scoff at the former sentence, questioning what manipulation it holds. However, you are wrong. There is no manipulation, not this time. I always held you in the highest esteem, even when were at odds with each other.

However, I am not the one who intrigues you, am I? For what is a diagnosed psychopath to you? Dull, uninteresting, subject to too many diatribes written by other esteemed psychiatrists.

Will Graham, however, never slot into the role in which you were determined to force him into. Hence, you kept attempting to manipulate him, determined to discover his secret. You could flick through the Diagnostic Statistics Manual and diagnose Will with countless mental afflictions but they still wouldn’t fit the breadth of his being. Even now, I can assure you Will is no psychopath, does not have anti-social personality disorder, nor does not indeed fit into any of the other cluster b personality traits you were so eager to diagnose him with; no narcissism, histrionic, or borderline disorders easily explain away Will Graham.

His actions may persuade you to consider differently. Though I can't pretend to comprehend the depths of his brilliant brain, I can only go by the giggles that erupt from his larynx, as our victims threaten to break free of our bindings and harm us,or the ecstasy on his fey features, as arterial blood from our victims renders his pale flesh black in the moonlight.

He approaches the stalking and research into our victims with a dedication of one studying a university post graduate degree. And yes, Frederick, he is always the one who chooses. You know the reason why already. As I approach the murder with, as you know, clinical detachment, Will's emotions colour his every action, including the murders themselves. The victims must fit a moral code of which only Will belongs. Serial killers murdering serial killers, murderers killing other murderers. There is a certain poetic justice to our actions, for which I'm certain you would be appreciative.

You will be pleased to know both of us have healed from the injuries dealt by Dolarhyde, as well as our tumble from the cliff face, and Will remains as beautiful as ever. It has not been entirely uncommon for our victims, particularly those who have spent time in prison, to threaten us with sexual violence, should they be able to escape. Though I notice a particular pattern with those who specifically target adult men to fulfil their sexual sadism. These ones tend to focus the more graphic of their taunts and threats towards Will. What, in your psychiatric esteem, would you attribute this to? The simplicity of Will's boyish beauty and smaller stature than myself? I suggest more, the misinterpretation of Will's unease and vulnerability. Yes, this is a true part of himself, but there is more. You and I were the only two to understand the true depths beneath Will's outer clumsy charm.

There is a stream in Yorkshire, England which Will was determined to visit, named 'Bolton Strid'. This stream is an anomaly, which has led to the loss of many lives. Narrow enough to cross over in places with one step, to step inside leads to certain death, for the river is vertical, rather than horizontal, filled with deep chasms and underwater caves that suck unsuspecting people down.

Will is that stream.

He has sucked me down into the vortex. I suspect, he sucked you down too.

Does this surprise you? Intrigue you that Will has enraptured me so? Not merely in the brutality in which we indulge ourselves but in more simple intimacies; Will banging out an attempt at Adagio on the piano, impelling me to sit beside him and show him how it its meant to be played, Will's always grouchy expression before his first coffee in the morning, which is soothed when his mutts come running in for a pat (ironically causing my own grumpy expression).

The exact shade of pink his cheeks glow with and timbre of his moans, as he allows me to sink my erection deep inside him.

I'm certain Jack would have showed you the letter I wrote him, informing him of mine and Will's consensual sexual relationship. Though Jack is ten years older, we both are aware of the paternalistic attitude he holds towards Will. Hence, when I brag about owning him, mind, soul and body, I'm humoured to imagine the fury on Jack's features. As with all 'concerned

parents' I am the 'bad boy' who has contaminated his 'pure child'. However, Will was never a child, moreover, I couldn't 'contaminate' a darkness that was already brewing.

You had a chance to at least try to seduce him and never took it. I'm certain you tell yourself Will would have never agreed, that the timing was wrong. This is true, had he agreed to be yours, it would have been out of necessity and obligation over true lust. There was a moment, early on, when I considered taking advantage of Will, myself, in a sexual way. As with you, he would have said yes out of obligation, but it would have not been real.

Now, he has come to me of his own free will, not manipulation, as it would have been earlier in our relationship. As it would have been, with you.

But you would have at least had him, would have experienced surprising strength of his thighs wrapping around your waist, the sweet timbre of his moans, as you sank deeper and deeper inside him. Your lust would have been fulfilled.

But it wouldn't have been real.

Will is safe, he is happy. He is loved. Yes, as much as I can love another, I love him, yearn for him, need him want him. As he does me.

Please don't look for us. I don't wish to harm you any more than you have already been harmed. It would be a tragedy.

H.

Frederick put down the letter and turned back to the sketch; Will was peaceful in his slumber, his lips slightly apart, curled up in a tiny smile.

Taking his mobile out of his pocket, Frederick redialled the last number.

"Yes," he said to the voice who answered. "I wish to cancel my… date… for tonight…"

He turned back and picked up the sketch of Will, biting his lip and ignoring the anguish slicing through his heart, as he trailed a finger along the sketched facial features.

A Letter to Freddie Lounds

Chapter Notes

Thanks to all who are reading! :)

Freddie could tell, as soon as the diminutive woman stepped into the bar, that she presumed she didn't belong. A close examination of her tiny healed gold strapped shoes and elegant but modest black dress would reveal the labels to be from a dime store, dressed up to appear more expensive. The diminutive woman's ill at ease with the glossy surroundings; the women in far more expensive dresses holding cocktails, the sleek shine of the bar Jack was bringing her to, was apparent in the crease of her forehead, the downtilt of her chin.

Always great when a new mark walks into the room.

Affixing a sly grin to her already flushed cheeks, Freddie stepped forward.

"Freddie, what are you doing here? Isn't this too above ground than your usual repertoire?" Jack asked.

Ignoring his jibe, Freddie stuck out her hand towards the woman, who was, indeed, tinier than she looked on the television screen, as Will Graham had been.

"I wanted to congratulate the agent who caught Buffalo Bill. The other FBI agents went to the wrong house, didn't they? Nice to meet you, Clarice."

Clarice's handshake was firm.

"You won't get anything off Clarice, so don't even try," Jack said.

"On the contrary, I merely wanted to shake the hands of a woman climbing the ranks. I know what it's like to compete against the big boys."

"Freddie…" Jack warned.

Clarice's head snapped up, clear intrigue shining in her pale irises.

"I hope you do better than your predecessor, Will Graham," Freddie said, capturing, out of the corner of her eyes, Jack's jolt at his former protégée's name.

"I understand he was a talented agent," Clarice said, towing the FBI line.

"Yes, who, according to some reports was viciously raped and murdered by the very men he was attempting to capture. I would be careful, if I were you."

“Hannibal Lecter didn’t indulge in sexual abuse. That wasn’t his MO,” Clarice said.

“Yes, but he was obsessed by Will Graham,” Freddie’s eyes skittered over to Jack. “But we both know none of this is true, anyway. They’re alive, together. Your precious little Will Graham was converted by Hannibal Lecter.”

“What a vivid imagination you have,” Jack said. “Now, if you’ll excuse me.”

“Here’s my card,” Freddie said to Clarice. “Call me any time.”

*

Hannibal took another gulp of his cooling coffee, as light bipedal footsteps sounded behind him, followed by the skittling of six quadruple footsteps.

“Okay, settle down…” Will laughed.

Strong arms slung over Hannibal’s shoulders and he placed down the newspaper and coffee to kiss Will’s wrist, as the panting dogs surrounded them. Charlie, Will’s favourite, face planted into Hannibal’s leg, slobbering on his trousers.

“Anything interesting in the news?” Will asked.

“Buffalo Bill has been caught,” Hannibal said, reached down to push Charlie away. “It appears we both have been overtaken. You by the new star of the bureau Clarice Starling and me by Buffalo Bill.”

“Hm…” Soft lips wetted the back of his neck, before Will moved to the kitchen, grabbed a mug and poured coffee from the brewed batch in the percolator. “He’s been caught. There will be another serial killer to take his place. Happens all the time. And as for Clarice Starling, good for her. Unlike myself this is clearly what she wants to do. She wasn’t forced into it.”

“She wouldn’t have your… gifts…” Hannibal said, admiring the glow of the early morning sun through the kitchen window on Will’s comely visage, accentuating the beauty of his refined features and dark auburn highlights in his curls, only visible in direct sunlight.

Will took a sip of the coffee and shrugged. “Doesn’t matter. I don’t need them at the FBI anymore, do I?”

Hannibal grinned, allowing the electric soothing to slam through his being at Will’s words, and threw the paper into the kitchen’s bin on the way to his partner, indulging in his mouth, which tasted of coffee and early morning breath.

“This Buffalo Bill’s really affected you, hasn’t he?” Will asked circling a finger around Hannibal’s right hip.

“His crimes lacked elan. No sophistication,” Hannibal scowled.

Will’s brows creased. “Do you want us to be caught, to revel in your superiority?”

Hannibal shook his head. “If we were caught you would be taken away from me. I can’t have that.”

He drew Will forward for another, more passionate kiss.

*

Two days after her acquaintance with Clarice, the letter arrived in the mail. Freddie tore open the envelope and laughed at the oddly crumpled paper inside.

“Annoyed with Buffalo Bill stealing your thunder, hey, Hannibal?” She said, as she read.

Freddie,

You will no doubt be wondering why I have contacted you, after all this time. Or, upon further reflection, your sharp mind will make the obvious connection to the capture of serial killer Buffalo Bill and my disgruntlement at being ‘upstaged’. Your incisive reading of other’s psychology would have made you into a fine psychiatrist, had you wished to go down that career route.

Though, in this case, you would only be partially right. As I have already diagnosed myself with traits of narcissistic tendencies, I am perturbed such a disgusting, pathetic man has replaced me. This one has no class, no sophistication. Furthermore, his wish to ‘turn into a woman’ by actively killing women and creating a skin suit does not uphold the transsexual community in the best light. I’m surprised the FBI announced his capture such a public fashion. With discrimination and hate crimes against transsexual people across the United States at an all-time high, this is where they position themselves? Yes, I can virtually read your thoughts now. Better to actively promote a serial killer who indulges in cannibalism.

I get ahead of myself. Buffalo Bill will fade from the public’s interest and another will take his place. This cycle has continued throughout my tenure as both a psychiatrist and serial killer. I managed to not get caught for years, until Will Graham came into my life. Yes, I am aware of the rumours. Will Graham is alive and with me, of his own free will. Furthermore, Will Graham indulges in the bloodiest of crimes with me. I have, with interest, read your dark imaginings. “Murder Husbands” you call us.

It is time to put a stop to your fantastical writings, as escapist as they are to read. Will Graham is dead. The truth is simple and, I admit, anti-climactic but it is the truth. Will Graham was captured by Francis Dolarhyde and taken to the cliff house. By the time I escaped the FBI detail and reached the house, he had already been shot, and lay, dying, on the carpet of the living room. I tried to stench the flow of blood to no avail. Dolarhyde attached me and we fought, where he rendered me a blow that left me momentarily dazed. In this time, Dolarhyde lifted the now unconscious, but still breathing Will from where he lay and carried him out into the back yard of the cottage, where he dumped him beside me and informed me he was going to use us both to render his change into the Red Dragon. Will’s breathing stopped and he became pale in death. Not wishing for his body to be further molested or mutilated, I gathered the strength to push his body off the cliff and attack Dolarhyde once more. My reasoning was if I failed and Dolarhyde murdered me, at least Will’s own corpse would not be subject to the indignities Dolarhyde had promised.

Of course, I succeeded in murdering Dolarhyde and made my escape, gathering my energy to patch up my wounds and grieve the loss of Will.

Now, you know the absolute truth. Will Graham is dead, so there is no need for rumour and speculation any more.

Take care,

H.

P.S. Should you wish to follow up on my current locality, I should remind you of your niece, Charlie and nephew Vince. Seven and ten respectively, who attend St Mary's School in Philadelphia.

*

"Will Graham is not dead," Freddie said as, across the desk from her, Jack held the letter gingerly in gloved hands, as though fearful it would develop teeth and bite him. "We both know it. Hannibal is covering for him."

"His description of the attack from Dolarhyde does match up with the forensics," Jack said, frowning as handed back the paper to her.

"What about all of the supposed sightings of them both together? South America? I've even had sightings in England, Italy."

"But never verified," Jack said before rubbing his forehead with his thumb. "If it's any consolation, I also believe Will Graham is alive. Off. The Record."

Freddie's eyes flicked down to the post script, the tightened coil of her intestines having not eased in the three hours since she'd read the letter, contacted Jack and driven to his office.

"I won't be doing any more investigating of Hannibal Lecter. If he says Will Graham is dead, then fine. But no, I don't believe it," Freddie said, with a determined tone.

*

"Hannibal!" Will clasped the scrunched-up paper in his folded arms, irritation clear in his downturned brows and lips. "I'm not happy with this one."

Hannibal grinned and held out his hand.

"No, you're not having it back until you remove the threat in the post script."

"You, of all people, recognise how wily Freddie can be. Even with my attempt to convince her of your 'untimely demise' she will continue to hound us."

Will's ensuing deepened scowl was so cute to Hannibal that he couldn't resist resting his forehead against his lover's, unhooking his arms and pulling at the letter in his fingers.

“Let me have the letter, Will,” Hannibal tugged once more at the letter, as he kissed his hair.

Will held tighter to the letter and stepped back, away from Hannibal.

“You’re so damned adorable when you're annoyed,” Hannibal grinned. “I want to take you, right there on the sofa,” he pointed down at the leather furniture, upon which three of Will’s panting and scratching dogs had, against Hannibal’s wishes, once again planted themselves. “Less dirty, flea bitten dogs. More naked and nubile Will Graham, moaning beneath me.”

“My dogs aren’t dirty or flea bitten. You know I just gave them a wash this morning.”

“Yes, well it still doesn’t take the dog smell out of the couch, or the rest of the house. It’s a testament to how much I love you that I put up with it.”

Will’s crinkled nose softened. “I’m not letting you off that easy.”

“The threat doesn’t matter because I won’t have to uphold it. Freddie will not look for us.”

“And what if she does?”

“She won’t.”

“Promise me now you won’t do anything to Freddie’s niece and nephew. Do it now, Hannibal! Or I’ll leave right now, I mean it.”

Hannibal searched Will’s tense features and discerned the truth in his words.

“I promise I won’t harm Freddie’s niece and nephew.”

Will nodded. “Good.”

Hannibal smirked and ruffled his hair. “Alright, I’m going out to post the letter.”

“I’ll be at the river. The dogs need a walk,” Will said.

“First…” Hannibal gripped him by the small of his back and dragged him forward to his waiting mouth and stroking hands. “Bedroom. The dogs and letter can wait.”

A Letter to Alana

Chapter Notes

Thanks to all who are reading/kudoing/bookmarking.
Warning in this chapter for reference to a child's murder.
(Obviously not by Will or Hannibal but one of their "victims" is the murderer)

Alana,

Please don't believe this letter to be a threat; this is not my intention. Moreover, it is a truce. There is no doubting our complex personal history. For such an esteemed psychiatrist, you were surprisingly easy to manipulate. If this makes you angry to hear, I can only rejoinder that it is the truth. Your skills as a psychiatrist are exceptional. However, it was disappointing how easy it was to seduce you into my bed. Such unfortunate poor judgment from your side.

You would have, of course, worked out the reasons for the manipulation; the simplest is that the night we went to bed for the first time was the night I murdered Gideon. Hence, you provided an alibi. You were also, obviously, more pliable for my manipulations with the unfortunately incarcerated Will if we were in a "relationship". Did you fall for me? I suspected, at the time, that you had. What a blow, to discover I was a psychopath, with no ability to return the feelings. The sex was great, so if you can take anything away from our brief time together, please do so.

There was another aspect, one which I'm not certain you have acknowledged. Will had, at the time, a childlike 'crush' on you. There were many times, with Will, that I acted without principle. This was one of them. My wish was to isolate him, certainly. But also, in my own, childish way, I wished to take what he coveted, to make certain he was mine, and mine alone to manipulate without your interference.

Alas, it worked out in the end, wouldn't you say? You have your nuclear family with Margot and I have Will.

I wanted him from the moment I saw him. But to merely have sex with him wouldn't be enough. I understood I would have to play the "long game" as such, to have him where he is now, currently in my bed, ready to plan and indulge in all manner of murderous acts with me. With him, it was ultimately not to do with manipulation but allowing him to discover his true nature. He did not make it easy, as you did. Do not feel too bad about this. I could manipulate anyone.

Except for Will Graham. He is, and always will be, a mystery to me, his heart and mind continually hinting at the deeper machinations beneath.

Now I have him. His mind. Even his body. And it is completely of his own free will.

You tried to save him, Alana. You were the only one. But don't see this as a failure. View this as you helping, with me, Will blossom to be the most virulent colourful, scented rose (perhaps not scented, considering the terrible aftershave he still insists to wear, despite my protests).

Because of my beloved, I will no longer search for you. He wishes for me to leave you alone, and so I will.

There are far more tantalising buffets on offer.

H.

Behind her, Margot cooed to the sleeping toddler in his bed.

"What an ass," Alana whispered.

"Huh?" Margo said.

"Nothing," Alana tore up the letter and turned to her partner. "Just Hannibal being his usual ass."

"Hannibal?" Margo's left eyebrow rose.

"He's promising not to come for us… for Will's sake. Don't worry," Alana caught the alarm in Margo's usually calm blue irises. "He's telling the truth. For now."

*

"Will?" Hannibal entered their cabin, to the dogs splayed out asleep on the couch and lounge room floor, much as his beloved Will had been that morning in their bed; legs and arms spread akimbo.

At the time, Hannibal had kissed his forehead, stroked his naked arms and chest. Will didn't even twitch with the touch. Foregoing the desire to awaken him for another round of lovemaking, Hannibal had left their house, with the letter to Alana in hand.

Now that he had arrived back from the post office, the bulge in his pants informed him of the need to give in to temptation. Smirking, he continued through the lounge and down the hall, to the bedroom, halting at the entrance.

Will sat on the bed, leaning against the headboard he'd been handcuffed to the night before, now dressed in a t-shirt and sweatpants, his laptop before him, tears running down his delicate visage.

"Will?" Hannibal said.

"The autopsy report on Daphne Carrington," Will's voice broke.

Hannibal pursed his lips and exhaled. Daphne was an eight-year-old girl whose disappearance had galvanised the city of Dallas. Her body had been discovered under a drain pipe five days before. The lead suspect in the case, a man with a criminal record on minor petty theft charges, had not been arrested yet, as the police were still building their case.

Will had indulged in his own investigating of both the crime scene and the suspect and, with no help needed from Hannibal, came to his own conclusions.

No jury would be needed to determine the guilt of this child murderer.

Nor his punishment.

“What he did to her… the sickness of what he did to her…” Will wiped the water from his cheeks, before staring at Hannibal with the steeled resolve that hardened his typically convoluted blue irises. “We go tomorrow. We take him tomorrow.”

Hannibal bit the interior of his cheeks, to cease from the joy in his being displaying in a beaming smile. An electric charge stimulated his system at Will taking charge, dictating their murderous actions.

“How will you kill him, Will?” He said, coming over and taking the laptop from his partner’s (trembling) hands, closing the cover and placing it on the bedside table.

“Whatever we do to him… it won’t be enough… We could skin him alive… it wouldn’t be enough compared to what he did to that little girl,” Will placed his head in his hands, shoulders now shaking, sobs emanating from his larynx. Hannibal sat beside him and pulled him close, wrapping his arm around his shoulders. Will exhaled, his chest deflating. “I can’t even imagine… her parents…Her sister… The older sister was meant to pick her up from school. Missed her by ten minutes. She’ll never forgive herself.”

“Maybe she will,” Hannibal buried his face in his curls, breathing in the citrusy scent of his shampoo. “Maybe, with time and healing and good therapy they will regain a semblance of a life back.”

A soft rumble sounded, and Will reached over and clenched his hand on Hannibal’s thigh, as he laughed, with no humour in the sound.

“Semblance of a life. That’s all. Their life will never be the same.”

“But it’s *their* life Will, not yours. You can’t take on their pain.”

Will’s lifted his chin to face Hannibal, lovely despite the tears and reddened, swollen eyelids.

“But that’s what I do.”

“No,” Hannibal curved his thumb around the sharp curve of his chin. “You only take on their pain enough to propel yourself to action. To justice.”

“Is that what we do?” Will trailed his finger along the dorsum of Hannibal’s hand. “Provide justice?”

“Of a sort,” Hannibal grinned. “From tomorrow night, he won’t harm another little girl ever again.”

“I want the parents to know he suffered before he died. That’s *my* justice. And theirs,” Will’s kiss on his palm goosepimpled the flesh.

“Shall we plan tomorrow night? Then I wish to strip you naked and kiss you on every inch of your delectable flesh.”

“Strange how talking of vicious murder always puts you in the mood for sex,” Will grinned.

A Letter to Bedelia

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bedelia,

Despite changing your name and moving to Paris, it took not much of my considerable talents to locate you. Intriguing, indeed, to discover you are psychoanalysing again, taking on fresh victims, as Will says. I would presume you would have the money to indulge in the most high tech of prosthetics, to replace that delicious limb of yours, which formerly gave me such sustenance.

In our rush to leave, after your attempt to betray us to the authorities, I never had the chance to thank you.

Thank you, for taking us in, while we recuperated from our injuries. Though I am aware it was against your interests to do so. As a result, even with your attempted betrayal, I will not to go after you. Will and I have too many other…activities to pursue than to come after one who represents such a now insignificant part of our lives.

I don't need to say much more. As my psychiatrist you know me, perhaps more than I know myself. You were aware of my love for Will, before I could articulate my own intense emotions on the matter. You were aware he would be the key to my salvation. He would be my everything. Your insight into me was terrifying at times, in its accuracy.

I will bid you farewell. Pray we never accidentally meet up again.

H.

Through a series of mishaps, the letter never reached its intended recipient, but instead arrived at her old address, where it languished in the mailbox for three weeks, before the new owner (back from holiday) accidentally opened the letter.

"Take a look at this," she said, handing the paper to her husband, who had come into the kitchen with the shopping.

"Reading other people's mail?" he said, as he skimmed the letter. "Some people have a weird sense of humour. Let's just throw it out."

He crumpled the letter and threw it into the bin.

*

The blood smearing the plastic covering Will shone inky black in the moonlight, as he stood with his head bowed, staring down at what was left of their latest victim.

“We should go,” Hannibal said, throwing the man’s wallet containing his identification on top of the body. The mouth was still open in an anguished grimace.

“Yes, we should go,” Will said, reaching out to clasp Hannibal’s plastic encased hand in his own.

Both were silent, as they walked the short distance through the forest and out the clearing to where they’d parked by the side of the dirt road. Hannibal was aware, from experience, that Will needed the short time to sort through his immense brain the implications of their murderous night. As per Hannibal’s prediction, Will clambered into the plastic covered passenger side and took a deep breath, waiting until Hannibal sat in the other side and fired the ignition before talking.

“That one was a particularly exciting kill,” Will’s corresponding smile careened butterflies off Hannibal’s stomach lining and caused an instant raise further down. Hannibal was now determined to arrive home as son as possible, divest themselves of their plastic coverings and any thing else that could tie them to the crime, and then take willing Will to the bedroom.

“I don’t presume anyone’s going to be crying over the death of a child killer,” Will said, as Hannibal drove down the deserted road.

“Even the worst of us can have family, those who love us-“

“Not now, Hannibal. Allow me to indulge in this moment, please,” Will said. “What?”

He caught Hannibal’s side grin at him.

“Damn I love you.”

Hannibal suspected Will’s corresponding laughter arose from his pure joy at his words.

“I know,” Will smiled back. “So, I’m taking the plan is to go back, clean up, have sex…. Oh, and you want to post that letter to Bedelia, don’t you?”

“I merely wish to thank her, for ultimately bringing us together.”

“I would argue it was because of *me* we ended up together, but if you want to thank Bedelia, be my guest,” Will shrugged.

“And I’m forever grateful for your insight into us.”

Will giggled. “Of course. I love you too, Hanni. As weird as our relationship is it’s… it’s us.”

“Yes, it is… we need to get home.”

“Yes, this is sticky,” Will frowned, bringing up his plastic covered fingers before his face.

“Also, I need to touch your bare flesh. Need to touch it now.”

Will looked him up and down. “Same. Drive faster.”

As always, Hannibal acceded to Will’s wishes.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all who have read/sent kudos/commented.
This won't be the last time I write in the Hannibal fandom, it's too much fun :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!